

'SMATTER, POP!'

By C. M. Payne



AXEL ISN'T A WRESTLER—HE'S A FIGHTER

By Vic



BOBBIE, HIS DOG AND THE DOGCATCHER

By L. W. Ford



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MR. JARR looked at his second helping of chocolate pudding—and he never ate chocolate pudding except under compulsion, for it always tasted heavy, cold and clammy in his diaphragm—Mr. Jarr looked hopefully at the pudding and then at his wife. He also looked apologetically at Gertrude, the light-running domestic, but Gertrude as well as Mrs. Jarr was eagerly gazing at the pudding in shadow lace the Cackberry girls had encountered in their adventure of shopping and tango tea-ing. The plot, the signal, all was forgotten. Instead of Mrs. Jarr forcing when Mr. Jarr asked for more chocolate pudding, instead of her painting and Mr. Jarr declaring he'd have to send her away for rest and recuperation, and then the Miss Cackberrys would HAVE to quit visiting and go home to Philadelphia, there was what Mr. Jarr mentally intimated as "the whole bunch of skirts" subsiding excitedly over a bargain in shadow lace. And yet Mr. Jarr knew he must be Harlan's fireless Cassianna and stick around.

"And ambrosia is back, and the new wafers are more ornate and expensive than ever!" Mrs. Jarr was heard to declare.

There was nothing for Mr. Jarr to do but to eat or conceal his second helping of chocolate pudding and give Mrs. Jarr her cue to faint again. As there was no place to hide it, Mr. Jarr ate the second helping and again gave the signal by adding for more. But Mrs. Cackberry had produced some samples of volau, whatever that is, and there was still fever heat excitement of the other end of the diaphragm. Mr. Jarr, amid the conver-

got him no attention and that he would probably have to eat more chocolate pudding, when Mrs. Jarr remembered the carefully prepared conspiracy, and Mr. Jarr gave a shriek and, as the girls afterwards explained it, "threw a fit himself."

"Lincolnum!" gasped Mr. Jarr. "Hush! Stop the elephants from walking on the ceiling! It isn't considerate, they will annoy the orchids!"

"Good gracious, what's the matter with Mr. Jarr? Has he been drinking?" cried the two Miss Cackberrys.

There, you see! Let a man do any soldiering for the common good, let him come out for the general welfare and make a donkey of himself to do a favor for others and what reward

is his? Why, everybody says, "Dear me! The man must be drinking!" Mr. Jarr hadn't been drinking. He had been eating chocolate pudding to excess and he was trying to have a nervous collapse in place of Mrs. Jarr, who had forgotten all about it at the sight of bargains in shadow lace.

Mrs. Jarr regarded friend husband coldly. "If you have no respect for me, please remember we have two nice young girls stopping with us," she said. "Gertrude, why did you have brandy sauce with the chocolate pudding?"

"I didn't have no brandy sauce!" cried Gertrude promptly. "There's only whipped cream for the chocolate pudding!"

"I'm a nervous wreck!" moaned Mr. Jarr.

But Mrs. Jarr failed to respond to the cue.

"I'm sure I don't understand what Mr. Jarr means by acting this way," Mrs. Jarr explained to the two Miss Cackberrys—and then she suddenly remembered the collapse she was privately scheduled for. "Eat some chocolate pudding!" she snapped at Mr. Jarr.

"And don't try eccentric comedy. It isn't in your line. Then she burst into tears and laughter and beat her heels in a rapid tattoo against the floor. Her nervous collapse was a little late, but it had arrived.

"Brute!" cried Miss Gladys Cackberry, transfixed Mr. Jarr with an angry look.

"If he was my husband I would have him up before the Domestic Relations Court!" cried Miss Irene Cackberry—already, though unmarried and strangers in our fair city, they both knew every legal, moral and social form of punishment for husbands.

"Mrs. Jarr has had a nervous collapse!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "I must send her to some quiet place in the country!"

"Do not come nearer her; you have broken her heart!" cried the eldest Miss Cackberry. "We'll take her away from here!"

"Yes," remarked the other, "use the money, we will take her somewhere and you shall never hear from us except to pay the bills."

"Gimmie some more chocolate pudding, Gertrude!" murmured Mr. Jarr.

Some of the Good Stories of the Day

Seizing Opportunity.

HOW did you come to marry the lady who is now your wife?"

"It was very romantic. We were out strolling, she went to a place where the tea was this and broke in. I rushed her after a terrible struggle. Poor girl, she was nearly frozen before we got home, but I proposed to her on the way."

"For heaven's sake! Do you mean to say that you made a declaration of love to a girl who was nearly dead and unconscious? You had poor nerve, I must say!"

"Right, but there's nothing like striking while the iron is hot!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On Election Day.

"Is this the polling place?" asked Mr. Blithem over the telephone to Bummer's barber shop, where the voting was going on.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the inventor.

"Well, I'm Mrs. Blithem of 97 Garway street. I just wanted to tell you that it is raining so hard now that I can't think of going out, so will you please send one straight ticket for the Progressive party for me? And while you are about it ask Mr. Bummer to send me up four pounds of liver, two pounds of chops, a dozen fresh eggs and—"

"Well—would you believe it!—that rule politically justified rule. You can find that as soon as you call on the receiver with a bang!"—Harper's Weekly.

Good Logic.

A part of a holiday treat a little boy was taken recently to Mr. Paul's Cat Hotel.

When he returned home some well-meaning persons proceeded to worry him as to what he had seen in the cat hotel.

"And did you see the heads of all the heavy soldiers?" was one question.

"Yes," said Willie, with enthusiasm.

"And isn't it fine to think of all the great heads they did?" the well-meaning person continued.

"I suppose so," Willie admitted grudgingly. "But on their heads they just said they'd defeated the French; and they couldn't have defeated them very much, 'cos they're all dead and the French are still alive."—Paterson's Weekly.

Foolish Questions.

DID you ever stop to examine an ash can? If not, go out and look one over before you read the rest of this short but extremely profitable tale. You will find that an ash can is a large, round thing, absolutely conical and utterly unable to have itself wrapped up by a parcel boy, says the Washington Star.

However, it fell to my lot to make a purchase of a tin of ash cans, these ash cans were, which could sit out in the cold full of ashes, and wonder why all the rest of the world had its own cupids. I went to a department store, and there a girl with flaming eyes who calls herself knowledge, yesterday, today, tomorrow, both Thursday, said she if I wished to buy anything.

"Yes," I said, "I want three ash cans."

"Ask one. Stop this way, please. These are the best. Will you have them sent?"

"No," I replied to this amazing inquiry. "Wrap them up and I will take them under my arm."

"Oh, is that so?" replied the girl cheerily. "Certainly do take a fresh guy!"

SLENDERNESS WITHOUT DRUGS OR EXERCISES

There is only one positively sure and effective method of reducing superfluous and unsightly fleshiness, and that is the way French women do—by taking a series of daily or every-other-day baths in which the famous French Clarks Thinning Salts have been dissolved. It is really dangerous to permit yourself to become corpulent, as in time the excess fat affects your heart. Drugs to reduce weight and flesh should be carefully avoided. Clarks Thinning Salts are extremely beneficial to the flesh and skin, and they have the peculiar effect of surely dissolving fat. After fifteen or eighteen bath treatments have been taken you will notice that weight and flesh diminish, and that your form will be normal and the lines graceful. The only treatment which does not call for vigorous exercise or special dieting. Approved by medical authorities. Clarks Thinning Salts are sold by all the leading drug and department stores. A full treatment consists of 24 baths. Good for hoodlums. See Amalgamated Clarks Corporation, 140 Broadway, New York City.

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